

THE  
LUMBEE INDIANS OF  
NORTH CAROLINA





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OF  
NORTH CAROLINA

*By*  
CLARENCE E. LOWREY



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LUMBERTON, NORTH CAROLINA

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## PREFACE

THE FATE of the Hatteras Indians and the colony of Roanoke supplies a unique chapter in the story of America. Few accounts in history are more romantic, and few characters in history or fiction more nearly personify the tragedy of a race; although the facts are today fairly well established. The early history of the Hatteras Indians is not popularly known. In February 1590, Governor John White embarked on his fifth and last voyage to the treacherous Carolina coast; having three years before left a thriving colony on Roanoke Island. Landing with great difficulty, White found the prearranged symbol, the word Croatan carved in two places and without the signal of distress indicating that the colonists had moved inland to join forces with friendly Indians. Before opportunity for further investigation, the ship bearing White was forced southward, battered by dangerous seas and threatened with disaster, eventually returning to Plymouth. Indifferent scholarship too often has ended the chapter with, "The colonists were never heard from again."

Nothing could be further from the truth.

The disappearance of the settlers of 1587 has been called the tragedy of American Colonization. The greatest interest was manifested in their fate by all early explorers. Numerous expeditions were sent in search of them, but these brought back various rumors, and nothing certain could be learned. Their history became

interwoven with legend and romance. Inland approximately eighty miles from Roanoke Island, near the present site of Washington, North Carolina, the English and the Hatteras remained for a time together, until threatened with destruction by superior forces under Powhatan, they moved southwest to entrench deep in the swamp and forest along the Lumbee River.

The Indian settlement was known as Scuffletown. That was a corruption, for in the long ago it was Scoville Town, taking the name from a family of the tribe which was prominent.

Here, from the middle of the sixteenth century until their discovery by white men about 1730, the English-Hatteras developed a unique culture. Though they were not found earlier and dislodged, as were others, the cupidity of white invaders must be attributed to the extreme wilderness of the country. The retreat to safety from Powhatan later secured them from encroachment by settlers and finally from the dynamic changes of modern life. Few today, except the native Indian will dare the vast semi-tropic swamps without a skilled guide. The civilized method of cultivation, the use of substantial houses, practical arts and crafts beyond the primitive stage, and the English language colored by the idiom of Elizabeth are part of the Lumbee tradition. The findings of ethnology, anthropology, and sociology reinforce historic probability to such a degree that by comparison, no other interpretation of the fate of the colony seems reasonable. The ultimate proof is in the existence in North Carolina today of a people who, after three hundred and seventy years, speak the language, possess

nineteen of the twenty-one names of colonists registered in Governor White's log, and in physical and mental traits, in habits and disposition, show their derivation from both Indian and white ancestry.

The liaison of Raleigh and Elizabeth Throgmarton is an old story, and it is known that their son was sent with the colonists to Roanoke. For the record of the lineal descent of the Lowrey's from Raleigh's offspring and the Hatteras, we have no authority beyond Lumbee traditions. Since that tradition has remained intact and has at so many points borne the light of comparison with recorded history, it seems not unreasonable to regard the Raleigh thread as more than a mere hypothesis.

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The Author of this Book, C. E. Lowrey, left, with Mr. Lenzy Revels.

## The Lumbee Indians

AT THE COMING of white settlers about 1730, there was found located on the waters of Lumbee River a large tribe of Indians, speaking English, tilling the soil, owning slaves and practicing many of the arts of civilized life. They occupied the country as far west as the Pee Dee, but their principal seats were on the Lumbee extending along that river for fifty miles. They held their lands in common and land titles only became known on the approach of white men. The first grant of land to any of the tribe of which there is written evidence in existence was made by King George II in 1732 to Henry Berry and James Lowrey, two leading men of the tribe, and was located on the Lowrey Swamp, east of Lumbee River in present County of Hoke, in North Carolina. A subsequent grant was made to James Lowrey in 1738. According to tradition there were deeds of land of older dates, described as "white" deeds and "Smith" deeds, but no trace of their existence can be found at this date.

Many of these people at a later period purchased their lands from persons who obtained large patents from the King. Occasional bands of immigrants arrived on the Lumbee River from ancient settlements toward the east, while others moved west toward the Pee Dee, Catawba and French Broad Rivers. These people were hospitable and friendly relations were estab-



lished between them and their white neighbors. Subsequent to the coming of white settlers a portion of the tribe went north toward the Great Lakes and some of their descendants can be found at this time in Canada, west of Lake Ontario.

Another immigration occurred at a later date and the immigrants became incorporated with a tribe then located near Lake Michigan. Many families, described as white people, immigrated toward the Allegheny Mountains and there are many families in Western North Carolina at this time, who are claimed by the tribe in Robeson County as descendants of the lost English colonists, who had preserved their purity of blood to the degree that they can not be distinguished from white people. These Indians built great roads which connected the distant settlements with their principal seat on the Lumbee. One of the great roads constructed by them can be traced from a point on Lumbee River for twenty miles to an old settlement near the mouth of Cross Creek. Another great highway still bearing the name of the Lowrey Road, and used at this day as a public road which extends from the Town of Fayetteville through Cumberland and Robeson counties, and in southwest direction toward an ancient Indian settlement on the Pee Dee.

James Lowrey, previously mentioned as one of the grantees in the deed made by George II and recognized as a chief man of his tribe, is described as an Indian who married Priscilla Berry, a sister of Henry Berry, the other grantee mentioned. James Lowrey was a descend-





Argatha Fay Lowrey. She has the blood of the Tuscarora Indians and the Calvary blood of England coursing through her veins.

ant of James Lowrey of Chesapeake, who married an Indian woman in Virginia, as eastern North Carolina was designated by the tribe. According to the prevalent tradition respecting this family, the men were intellectual and ambitious, and as a chronicler of the tribe described them, became "leaders among men." Many persons distinguished in the annals of North Carolina are claimed as being descended from James Lowrey of Chesapeake. "You will find the name James Lowrey," remarked the chronicler, "wherever you find a Lowrey family." Henry Berry, the grantee previously mentioned, was a lineal descendant of the English colonist, Henry Berry, who was left on Roanoke Island in 1587. (See list of names of colonists.)

### THE HATTERAS TRAIL

At an early period after the English colony became incorporated with the Hatteras tribe, they began to emigrate westward. The first settlement made was probably in what is now Sampson County, and on several small rivers, tributary to Black River. A portion located on the Cape Fear, near a place then bearing the name of "Indian Wells" and at Hearts Creek in Cumberland County, which is now Fayetteville. It is impossible to ascertain at what date the tribe located in Robeson County, but it is probable that they have resided there for 300 years. According to their universal tradition they were located there long before the troubles with the Tuscaroras began in 1711. Some of the tribe fought under "Bonnul" as the Indians term Col. Barnwell, and

## NAMES OF COLONISTS

## MEN

John White  
Roger Bailey  
Ananias Dare  
Christopher Cooper  
Thomas Stevens  
John Sampson  
Dionys Harvie  
Roger Prat  
George Howe  
Simon Fernando  
Nicholas Johnson  
Thomas Warner  
Anthony Cage  
William Willes  
William Brown  
Michael Myllet  
Thomas Smith  
Richard Kemme  
Thomas Harris  
Richard Wildge  
Lewew Watton  
Michael Bishop  
Henry Browne  
Henry Rufatte  
Richard Tomkins  
Henry Doraell  
John Jones  
John Brooks  
Cutbert White

John Bright  
Clement Taylor  
William Sole  
John Catsmuir  
Humphrey Newton  
Thomas Calmon  
Thomas Gramme  
Graham Graeme  
Mark Bennet  
John Gibbes  
John Slilman  
John Earnest  
Henry Johnson  
John Starte  
Richard Darige  
William Lucas  
Arnold Archard  
William Nichols  
Thomas Phevens  
John Borden  
Charles Florrie  
Henry Milton  
Henry Paine  
Thomas Harris  
Thomas Scot  
Peter Little  
John Wyles  
Bryan Wyles  
Robert Wilkinson



## NAMES OF COLONISTS

*continued*

John Tydway  
Ambrose Viccars  
Edmund English  
Thomas Topan  
Henry Berry  
Richard Berry  
John Spendloue  
John Hemmington  
Thomas Butler  
Edward Powell  
John Burdon  
James Hynde  
Thomas Ellis  
John Wright

William Dutton  
Mawrice Allen  
William Waters  
Richard Arthur  
John Lasie  
John Chevin  
Thomas Hewett  
George Martin  
Hugh Pattenson  
Martin Sutton  
John Bridges  
Griffin Jones  
Richard Shabedge

### WOMEN

Eleanora Dare  
Margery Howie  
Agnes Wood  
Winnifred Powell  
Joyce Archard  
Jane Jones  
Elizabeth Glane  
Jane Pierce  
Andry Tapon

Alace Charmon  
Emma Merimoth  
Calman  
Margaret Lawrence  
Joan Warrin  
Jane Mannering  
Rose Payne  
Elizabeth Viccars

### CHILDREN

John Sampson  
Robert Ellis  
Ambrose Viccars  
Thomas Archard  
Thomas Humphrey  
Thomas Smart  
George Howe

John Prat  
William Wythers  
*Children Born  
in Virginia*  
Virginia Dare  
Harvie (first name  
unknown)

we have reliable evidence that they brought home a few Mattamuskeet Indians as prisoners and slaves. The descendants of these Mattamuskeets had their traditions also. The name Dare was not recognized by them.

The Lumbee Indians are quick-witted and are capable of development. Mr. John S. Leary, a prominent politician of Raleigh and Professor of Law in Shaw University, was a member of the tribe. One of the number, Hon. Hiram R. Revels, who was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina, in 1822, reached the Senate of the United States. He was also senator from Mississippi in 1870-81 and a Lumbee Indian.

This is the other end of the chain, and in order to connect the two parts and show that the Lumbee Indians of today are descendants of the Hatteras Indians of 1587 and of the English Colony left on Roanoke Island by John White in that year, we must examine first the evidence of historians and explorers on the subject; and second, the traditions, characters and disposition, language, and family names of the Lumbee Indians of today.



Indians at a homecoming in the Union Chapel community, about 1900.

## Jamestown Settled; The Roanoke Colony Disappears

ON DECEMBER 19, 1606, Christopher Newport set sail with one hundred and forty-three immigrants, and on May 13 he settled Jamestown. The next year Newport was directed to make an expedition to find Raleigh's Lost Colony. The colonists, warned by previous mishaps, certainly had brought with them sufficient supplies to last until a crop would mature in the fall of 1588, and they did not neglect to begin their planting operations.

On his return, White found no sign of any planting on Roanoke Island; nor was there evidence of any conflict with the Indians. There were no graves, no butchery, the dwellings had been taken down and moved, and the light ordnance had been carried away. The growth of weeds indicated that two seasons had passed since the removal, and apparently the spot had not been revisited by the colonists in many months.

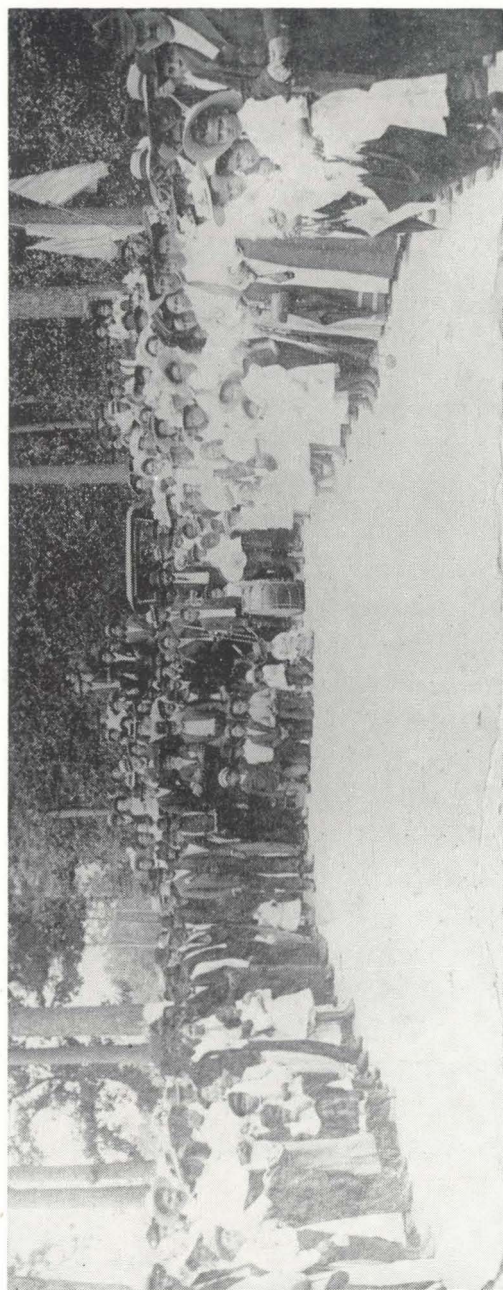
On his departure for England, the avowed intention was for the colonists to settle fifty miles in the interior; and when he coasted along Croatan leisurely he observed no sign of their presence on the shore. Instead of establishing themselves on that barren sandbank, exposed to the attacks of the Spaniards with no inviting streams, nor fertile fields, nor shady forests, they looked



westward for a secure and agreeable location for their permanent settlement. Fifty miles would have brought them to the "goodly highlands, on the left hand between Muscamunge and Chowanoak," where the Indians already had fertile cornfields, and there, according to Indian statements of different sources, they appear to have seated themselves on what are now the pleasant bluffs of Bertie County.

Several vessels were at different times dispatched to search for them, but none of these entered the great sounds. At length, after Jamestown was settled, Newport in 1608 was specially directed to make an exploration to discover them. An expedition by water did not proceed far and was without results. A searching party by land penetrated to the territory of the Chowanists and Mangoaks, but did not find the colonists. Smith in his "True Relation" (1608), repeats information derived from the King of the Paspehegh Indians, who resided above Jamestown, to the effect that there were men dressed like himself at Ochanahonan, which seems to have been on the Nattoway; and that there were many at Panawicke, a region apparently between the Chowan and Roanoke rivers. Five years later, William Strachey, the secretary of the Jamestown Colony, gave some account of the missing colonists derived from Machumps, a friendly Indian of considerable intelligence, who had been to England, and who came freely and often to Jamestown. At Peccarecamek and Ochanahonan, the Indians had houses built with stone walls, one story above another. They were taught by the English who escaped





A group of Indians Attending a Picnic at the Union Chapel School in Robeson County, North Carolina,  
About 1913.

the slaughter at the time of the landing at Jamestown. And at Ritanoe there were seven of the colonists; four men, two boys and a young maid, who having escaped, fled up the Chowan River.

For more than twenty years the colonists were reported to have lived peaceably with the Indians and to have intermixed with them in their locality, beyond the territory of Powhatan. Then on the arrival of the colonists at Jamestown, Powhatan, persuaded by his bloody priests, procured their slaughter, he being present on the occasion. Some escaped, but none ever had communication with the Jamestown settlers.

Peccarecamek was apparently on the upper Pamlico, or Tar River, and perhaps a trace of English blood might be found in the aggressiveness and fierceness of the Indians of that region a century later. Strachey says: "At Peccarecamek and Ochalahoen . . . the people have houses built with stone walls, and one story above another, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke. At that time this our colony, under the conduct of Captain Newport, landed within the Chesapeake Bay. Powhatan had been instigated to this massacre by his priests. Seven persons escaped; four men, two boys and a young maid. These fled up the Chowan River and were protected at Ritanoe by a chief named Eyanoco, and in return for protection, began to teach the Indians the ways of the white man's life. If others were secure on sandbanks, as they might well have been, escaping in their pinnacle through the waters of the sound, a trace of them possibly came down to

posterity through their intermixture with the Hatteras Indians."

That small tribe had always been friendly with whites, and as late as 1709, gray eyes were found among them and they cherished a friendship with the English because of their affinity, according to their own traditions.

It seems to the writer of this work that Ochanahonan is probably the town that Lane called Ohanoak. On DeBry's map this town is placed above the town of Chowanoak, but in Lane's narrative it is located below that town.

The Indian account places Pananiock, where White's Colony settled, between the Moratoc and the Chowan rivers, but the Indian was probably not acquainted with the waters of the sound, and only knew that the Moratoc discharged itself some distance below the Chowan. He inaccurately indicates that both emptied into the ocean. In that he was mistaken; but he probably was correct in locating the settlement north of the Moratoc River. It was between the mouth of the Moratoc and the Chowan that Lane observed the "goodly highlands," and that location being substantially fifty miles in the interior from Roanoke Island, it is there we would expect to find the place of permanent settlement, and it is there that the Indian account places it.

After the massacre, four men and two boys and one young maid escaped and fled up the Chowanoak River, and were protected by the Weroance at Ritanoë. This flight could have been readily made from a point north





Mrs. Nealy Ann Lowrey, better known as "Pollie," the youngest daughter of Henry Berry Lowrey. She is eighty-eight years old, and had to accept her schooling with the Negroes.

of the Moratoc River. It also stated that four men came to Ochanahonan. If there were still other fugitives than those preserved at Ritanoë, their journey through the woods would also indicate that Pananiock was on the north of the Moratoc River.

The first discovery and settlement of this country was by the procurement of Sir Walter Raleigh, in conjunction with some public spirited gentlemen of that age, under the protection of Queen Elizabeth; for which reason it was then named Virginia, which began on that part called Roanoke Island. There the ruins of a fort are to be seen to this day as well as some old English coins which have been found, and a brass gun, a powder horn and one small quarter-deck gun made of iron staves, which method of making guns might very probably be made use of in those days for the convenience of infant colonies. (Lawson's *History of North Carolina*, 108.)

A further confirmation of this we have from the Hatteras Indians who either then lived on Roanoke Island or much frequented it. They tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being found frequently among these Indians and no others.

It is probable that this settlement miscarried for want of timely supplies from England, or through the treachery of the natives; for we may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with them for relief and conversations, and that in process of time they con-

formed themselves to the manners of their Indian relations, and thus we see how apt human nature is to degenerate.

Dr. Hawks speaks of this tribe as Hatteras Indians and from an incident to be related hereafter this title seems to have been recognized by these Indians. From the first appearance of Amadas and Barlowe to the departure of Governor White in 1587, most friendly relations are known to have existed between this tribe and the English colonists. Their chief, Manteo, in reward for his faithful service to the English, was by command of Sir Walter Raleigh baptized as a member of the Church of England and was made Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonquepeuk.

Five days later another interesting event occurred. On August 18, 1587, Eleanor Dare, wife of Ananias Dare and a daughter of the governor, gave birth to a daughter, who the next Sunday was christened Virginia because she was the first Christian born in the new world. A few days later a child was born to Dionysius Harvie and his wife Margery, but its first name has not been recorded.

#### THE GRAVE OF VIRGINIA DARE

The Hatteras tribe of Indians was a small one, about three hundred in number. White's Colony, that survived the massacre of Powhatan, numbered about seven. In 1607 they began to migrate from the east coast of North Carolina, and settled on the Lumbee River about 1650 in the southern part of the state.



It is handed down from our forefathers that Virginia Dare was buried near the town of Red Springs, N. C., and that on her grave grows no weeds or grass.

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After the peaceful community life of the Indians for many generations, after the long sleep between the isolation of the Colony of Roanoke and the awakening one hundred and forty-three years later, white men came to the low country and the Indians received them with kindness. The eastern states were more densely populated. Pioneers were going farther west to hew homes out of the wilderness with the same brawn and ruthlessness that destroyed the virgin forest. Isolated by the swamps, the Indian tribe escaped molestation for many years. Settlers swarming south and west passed around them, leaving the Indian settlement a calm pool among the swirling eddies and cross-currents of colonization. Preferring high ground, white men for many years, made no effort to secure the lowlands and rivers of the Indians' country.

On their part the Indians were amicable and courteous to their neighbors, living harmoniously with them regarding themselves as bound by blood and tradition to the same race and nationality. From the American Revolution the Indians emerged as part of the Independent Nation. Having contributed to the success of the American armies, they expected to share in the benefits of liberty and of peace, but the Indians were betrayed by their white allies, having been cheated at every turn, robbed, and subjected to gross indignity and dis-

grace. The lot of the Indians was for many years far better than that of tribes less fortunately located. Before the beginning of the War Between the States, however, even the Indians, Americans by a double birth-right, were victimized because of the cupidity and avarice of the settlers and by the agent of an unjust and incompetent government. Deprived of citizenship, without even the guardianship of a beneficent slave-owner, the Indians were legitimate prey for every unscrupulous land-shack and every thriving scoundrel who chose to encroach upon them. Under the guise of friendship, quick to sense the Indians' pride of tradition and inheritance, and realizing that their victims were denied the privilege of a hearing in court, the calculating whites became bolder in their aggression.

James Lowrey sold out on Lowrey Swamp to John Gilchrist in 1791, and moved down on Lumbee River, near his old friend Silas Atkins and settled on the place now known as the Harper Ferry Place. Here he kept a house of entertainment for the traveling public, in connection with a grocery. He died, leaving land and Negroes to his children and a good name to his posterity. In Lowrey's grocery, Col. Vick was then merchandising at Fair Bluff in Robeson County, Vicksburg in Mississippi, being named after him.

All that region lying east of Lumbee River and extending one or two miles east of Bear Swamp, from the facts that Lumbee Indians inhabiting that region. After the death of James Lowrey, his son William Lowrey, married Bettie Locklear, a Tuscarora Indian woman.



Thomas Lowrey, his second son, married Nancy Deas, a white woman. James Lowrey, his third son, never married. Allen Lowrey, a son of William Lowrey, married Pollie Cumbo, a woman of Portuguese extraction. He raised a large family of sons and daughters.

Henry Berry was a son of Allen Lowrey and a great-grandson of James Lowrey, from whom all the Lowrey's in Robeson County descended. He was of mixed blood strangely commingled, having crossed in his veins the blood of a Tuscarora Indian and the Cavalier blood of England. He made a handsome personal appearance when dressed up. The color of his skin was of a mixed white and yellow, resembling copper. The Indian color however, still predominating, such a skin was affected very little by heat or cold, by sickness or health, by exposure or good housing. A scar in the shape of a crescent and of a blackish color was on his face just below his left eye, said to have been made by a iron pot that fell on him when a child. The contour of his face was that of a southerner, his countenance was expressive in the heights to a degree of firmness, decision of character, and courage. Generally he was reticently a good listener and seldom talkative. His forehead was good and high, broad and massive. The color of his eyes was a grayish-hazel and when excited or agitated, would dilate and expand. A smile generally played over his countenance when quiet. He wore a dark goatee, and his hair was straight and black like an Indian. He was seventeen years old, five feet, ten inches tall, and his weight was about one hundred and fifty pounds. Physically he was



HENRY BERRY LOWREY, a vengeful hero in the eyes of his people

well-knit; straight in the back, his arms and shoulders balancing well; a deep broad chest; short proportioned throughout, without a flaw in his frame. He was like an India-rubber ball—elastic all over.

He carried with him a pair of pullikins to extract teeth with. The pullikins are now in the Sampson Hall at Pembroke, N. C.

When dressed he was rather careless and negligent and he generally wore calf-skin boots, a woolen frock coat, blouse breeches or trousers of the same material. Sometimes, however, he would wear Salem or Kentucky Jeans and a wide brim felt hat. Although a tippler, he was never known to be intoxicated, and he invariably carried a flask of whiskey with him wherever he went. He did this to avoid being poisoned. In regard to his weapons, a belt around his waist kept in place five or six revolvers and long shooters. From his belt, a shoulder strap passed up and supported behind in sling style, a Henry repeating rifle, which carried the extraordinary number of sixteen cartridges. In addition to these fifty-two charges, he carried a long-blade knife and a double-barrel shotgun. His whole equipment weighed at least eighty pounds. His main objective in carrying this equipment was to withstand a long campaign, or to be ready with almost an arsenal at his command if he should encounter a large body of men in pursuit of him. With all his armor on, he could run, swim, stand weeks of exposure in the swamps, walk all day and night and take sleep by little snatches, which in a few days would tire out white or colored.



"By the Eternal God, I swear to kill every man who murdered them!" the youth swore bitterly as he looked down on the fresh-dug graves of his father and eldest brother. This solemn oath of vengeance launched a ten-year reign of terror that bathed North Carolina's largest county in blood and cost the lives of at least twenty-nine men. History is studded with tales of famous outlaws and their deeds, but none can surpass the saga of Henry Berry Lowrey, a youth of seventeen, who turned his back on the white man's law and made good his blood vow, almost to the last man.

For almost a decade this slender, dark-haired, bitter-eyed Indian breathed bloody defiance at officers, outraged citizens, and even a troop of militia. Backed by a handful of followers, never numbering more than ten, and an expert's knowledge of the forests, spurred on by rewards totaling more than \$40,000 for his capture, dead or alive, his body was never found. Not one penny of the staggering total of reward money was ever claimed.

"Dig!" the pot-bellied captain shouted, and the twenty-nine men of his Home Guards unit leaned on their rifles and grinned as the two Indians sunk their spades in to the soft ground. From the log smokehouse where the Home Guards had Mrs. Allen Lowrey confined, she watched her husband and oldest son prepare their graves. Her other two sons, Steve and Thomas—both in their twenties, sat at a table in an old framed structure and listened with bowed heads to the muffled sounds of the spades.



Allen Lowrey's old home place where he and his oldest son William were hastily marched out about three hundred yards from the scene by the Home Guard and forced to dig their graves.

A quarter of a mile away, soft-eyed, seventeen-year-old Henry Berry Lowrey trotted towards home, his moccasined feet barely whispering over the dried leaves and brown pine needles of the narrow, winding trail. Two dead gobblers swung from his hips; their heads tucked under his belt, and a new Henry repeating rifle jounced in the crook of his arm. He was a slim, handsome boy, his shoulders wide under the doeskin jacket, his stiff black hair curling down around his ears and neck and framing the sweat-sheened smoothness of his copper-skin face. As he neared the clearing around his house a staccato fusillade of shots stopped him at the brushline.

Hiding quickly, peering through the cover of leaves, he saw his father and brother crumple, then topple backwards into their freshly-dug graves. Harsh laughter came from uniformed men, and gun levers clicked as brass-jacketed cartridges leaped from the smoking chambers into the bright morning sun. Then turning their backs on the dying men, they turned back to the smoke-house and threatened Mrs. Allen Lowrey with death, and with their guns thrown loosely over their shoulders, they headed in rough single-file for the opening of the trail.

"Two more dead Indians!" the paunchy captain said, and they laughed again, shambling by within a few yards of the stunned boy. As each passed he studied his face carefully, counting on trembling fingers until he knew their number was three times the digits on both hands, and only when the sounds of their footsteps had faded in the woods did he rise and begin to run toward the two mounds of dirt.



"By the Eternal God, I swear to kill every man who murdered them!" the youth swore bitterly as he looked down on the freshly-dug graves of his father and eldest brother.

Allen Lowrey, his fifty-year-old father had died peacefully and lay as though in sleep at the bottom of his grave. William, his thirty-two-year-old brother, had fought the darkness of death, and the bitterness and hopelessness of the struggle remained in his posture and upon his up-turned face.

The Indian boy's fingers tightened around the stock of his gun and there was a long soft sigh by his shoulder as Pollie Cumbo Lowrey, his mother, stared down at the bodies of her two men. Then, rocking slowly from side to side, she dropped to her knees to pray. Steve and Thomas stood silently a few yards away. "Cover them!" Henry Berry said, and under the strange, new authority in his tone, they came forward and picked up the spades. Henry stood by his mother and raised his eyes to the sun and they were hard and glittering and black, and a mask of hatred, a look of savage cruelty came over his thin face. To the sounds of the falling earth clumps, to the excited twitter of birds silenced only a few minutes ago by the rifles' blast, he joined her voice in prayer.

"May you have peace, my father and brother," he said softly. "And upon your long journey, may you not know the sorrow of those of us here who loved you, and may you never again know the heartache of your race in this stricken land." His voice rose and the birds were

stilled again and the shovels were silent in his brothers' hands. "But leave me your strength!" he cried, "your wisdom and your cunning! By the Eternal God, I swear to kill every one of those who murdered you!"

He loosened his belt and the dead gobblers fell to the ground and his rifle froze in his hand. In that moment the Indian boy became a man. In that moment the thin coating of the white man's civilization was stripped from him as easily as the young bark is peeled from one of the pines in Robeson County.

There was little love lost between the whites and the Robeson County Indian population. Many of the latter had been rudely pressed into service to labor alongside slaves on fortifications, at Wilmington. This left a particularly bitter taste in the mouths of a people who had been free as the birds since long before the Scotch settlers, pushing up the Cape Fear more than a century before, had found them tilling the soil and speaking an understandable Old English dialect.

Actually this trouble dated back to 1835 when a North Carolina constitutional amendment cost the Indians their rights to vote, carry firearms, attend other than Negro schools, and other privileges. In the year 1864, a ravished South lay sick under the smoke of Yankee guns and Sherman's victory-flushed warriors were still scavenging the country as they straggled home from Florence, S. C., to the north. Every able-bodied North Carolinian had left his home to fight in the hopeless battle ahead. Pot-shooting at Union soldiers along a thin and wavering line, their feeble musketry the death





Olivia Dial, a Lumbee Indian, who Has Some Spanish  
Blood.

rattle of a dream that was to die the following spring. Caught in the fostered bitterness between master and slave were the defenseless Robeson County Indians.

The Lowrey's had received their grant of 300 acres from King George in 1732, and asked only the rights to till their heritage in peace. But with the bitterness of war and the frustration of impending defeat, resentment grew among the white neighbors that the lowly Indian retained lands larger and more fertile than their own. A white neighbor by the name of Robert McKenzie attempted to buy it, but Allen Lowrey turned him down. His sons, William, Steve, Thomas and Henry, denied the privileges of war, helped their father farm it, though most of the crops and livestock went into broth for an invalid South.

The neighbor schemed to have it, if not legally then by any means he could. One night in August 1864, he carried over the last of his hams and some household goods which friends could identify, and hid them in fodder shocks near Lowrey's house. The next morning he reported they had been stolen and demanded that the newly organized Robeson County Company of North Carolina Home Guard search the Indian's farm. Composed of men too old for service and boys and misfits unqualified to carry a gun in the South's defense, they had been hastily organized as at least a semblance of protection in a section of the country where law had broken down.

Thirty home guards led by a doddering, power-drunk captain, invaded the Lowrey farm. Guided by

neighbor, the loot was quickly discovered and identified. There was no trial; the puffy captain, choleric with importance and unaccustomed authority, decreed that Allen and his oldest son must die, and since it was a hot morning and they had marched in haste to the spot, he decided that the Indians should dig their own graves. His soldiers cheered. The execution provided the shots that young Henry had heard in the woods that day.

Late in the afternoon Henry had stood with his mother and two brothers at the edge of the clearing looking back over the land that had been given to his ancestors by a long dead king 132 years before. As the two mounds darkened in the setting sun, he led the way down the trail. They stopped at Mrs. Lowrey's daughter's cabin to leave their mother and to tell Andrew and Boss Strong, two brothers-in-law what had happened. The older men listened quietly to the seventeen-year-old boy. "Thirty men must die!" the young Indian said.

They squatted in the growing darkness, each busy with his own thoughts. What Henry had said was true. They were old enough to understand the decline of their race, to recall the tales of glories that died in their fathers' time, and they were wise enough to sense in the future the slow suffocation of Indians under a tide of the white man.

"I do not ask you to follow me," Henry continued slowly. "Where I go the path will be dangerous and hard. White men will seek to kill me and they will put a price of much money upon my head. It is better so. Rather than bow to their injustice, I would prefer to

hold my head proudly, so that when I go to my grave I shall not sleep in shame.

"But I have sworn an oath and thirty men must die. I could not sleep nor eat, nor find quiet in the stillness of the forest if I let my father's and my brother's murders go unavenged. For vengeance is not white or red. It lives in a man's heart, deep beneath the color of the skin."

The men were quiet. The sounds of weeping came from the log house as the women let their grief flow, away from the sight of their men. The light faded, turning them into shadows, and the sounds of the woods at night rose about them in a gentle swell.

The band was made up of Henry Berry Lowrey; his brother, Steve Lowrey; George Applewhite; Calvin Oxendine; his brother, Henderson Oxendine; John Dial; Andrew Strong; and Boss Strong (the Strong Brothers being Henry Berry's brothers-in-law); Tom Lowrey, also Henry Berry's brother, and one white man, Zack McLaughlin.

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### THE BANDITS STRIKE

The first man to head their list of names was James P. Barnes. He was killed December 1864. He was postmaster at Clay Valley in Robeson County. He was accused of rounding up the Indians to be sent to the forts below Wilmington, to work as slave laborers.





A Typical Lumbee Indian Girl

## J. BRANTLY HARRISS

The next man on their list was J. B. Harriss. He made the unfortunate mistake of killing two of Henry Berry Lowrey's first cousins. The two boys were sent to Wilmington to work on the forts. Their father became ill and they came home to see him. Harriss arrested them as deserters and killed them both. Harris did not sustain a fair character in the community in which he lived. A murder warrant was issued for his arrest, but Henry Berry saved the state the cost of a trial when he caught him out one Sunday evening for a buggy ride in 1865 and shot him out of the buggy.

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## THE MURDER OF EX-SHERIFF RUBEN KING

On the night of January 23, 1869, the little town of Lumberton was thrown into consternation by the startling intelligence that Sheriff Ruben King had been shot by the Lowrey bandits while at home, one mile outside of town.

The bandits had been concealed near the house all day watching for Sheriff King. Later in the afternoon, King returned from town and while seated at his fire-side, some of the bandits entered his house with the intention of robbing him.

Henry Berry, who led the group, approached the Sheriff with his gun and demanded money. Had King complied with the request, his life would probably have been spared, but he instantly sprang up and seized the bandit chief's gun and refused to give up his money.

It has been admitted that the intention of the bandits was merely to get money, not to kill the Sheriff.

George Applewhite, who was standing on the porch near the door, rushed to the rescue of Henry Berry, firing his Navy revolver at King, who fell dead on the floor.

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#### OWEN C. NORMANT

The next on the bandits' list of names was Owen C. Normant. He was commissioned Captain of the Militia. He was killed in March, 1870.

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#### STEPHEN DAVIS

The old field fight the band held up a brandy still and killed Stephen Davis in October 1870, the old field being on Lumbee River.

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#### JOHN TAYLOR

The bandits killed John Taylor on the dam of the Moss Neck mill pond. There was a detachment of Battery A, 4th U. S. Artillery, stationed within two hundred yards of the spot where he was killed in October 1870.

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#### THE KILLING OF GILES INMAN

In April of 1871, the sheriff of the county, with a number of whites thought it would be prudent and wise to send for recruits to catch the whole band, and caught them off guard. In part the band was in Henry

Berry Lowrey's cabin at the time. As the sheriff was waiting for more help to arrive, the bandits slipped through a trap door and tunnel. The tunnel was dug a hundred and fifty yards leading from the cabin into the forest, thereby putting them back on the road the sheriff would travel. Giles Inman was killed at the age of eighteen.

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#### THE KILLING OF MURDOCH McLEAN AND HIS BROTHER, HUGH McLEAN

The two brothers were killed one mile south of Maxton, on the Carolina Central Railway in July 1871, the third being wounded. He was Archie D. McLean. He was pursued within a few yards of the depot of Maxton.

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#### THE DEATH OF COL. FRANK M. WISHART

Frank M. Wishart was an old Confederate officer and served throughout the War Between the States. He was determined to rid Robeson County of the bandits or die in the attempt. He and two of the bandits met at a point where they had planned. On a Friday before his death, Stephen Lowrey and Andrew Strong were to meet at this designated place to arrange a truce. The place was about four miles south of Maxton.

Stephen and Andrew getting to this point first, Andrew Strong concealed himself in an old blind ditch and Stephen Lowrey waited on the road for Frank Wishart



to appear. After a while Frank Wishart came from Maxton riding an old gray mule. They both talked for a while, then Stephen Lowrey turned to walk off. Wishart shot at him, striking a wide belt he wore, which deflected the bullet. Andrew Strong shot at Wishart, and he fell off the mule. Where he fell, the old folks say, there was a dished out place in the earth. They would throw sticks and pine burrs in it, and what they threw in would disappear, the place staying as clean as if it had been swept. A township in Robeson County was named in his honor. He was killed in May 1872.

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#### A DETECTIVE KILLED BY THE BANDITS

In November 1870, a detective who had been employed to watch the movement of the Lowrey band of Robeson County, established a camp in a bay near Moss Neck for the purpose of prosecuting his mission with as much secrecy as possible. John Sanders was a brash New England police officer turned detective. Sanders posed as a school teacher and spent more than a year among the Indians under the guise of setting up schools and Masonic chapters. Sanders wormed his way into the confidence of the Indians and the bandits. He offered to help the bandits to escape to Mexico, believing that once in the open they would be easy prey for officers. Sanders arranged beforehand to have them intercepted at some designated point in Georgia. Sanders thought his plans were at the point of execution. With wagons packed and ready for a long journey, the bandits dis-



This group of young boys says there is a lot of hard work in a crop of tobacco.



A scene around one of the tobacco barns in Robeson County during harvest time, which lasts from the middle of June to late August.

covered that he was a spy and went to his camp at Moss Neck and surrounded it. He was away at the time. Upon his return, Sanders was taken prisoner by the bandits and carried to Devil's Den in Back Swamp, there being the place where the bandits kept their secret camp. The detective was given a mock trial and sentenced to death. The Indians took their own time about carrying out the sentence and for three days Sanders underwent severe mental and probably physical torture. Just before he was shot, Sanders was allowed to write a letter to his wife, and it was duly mailed and received.

The end of the unfortunate Sanders was related by Henderson Oxendine, one of the bandits, the only one that was hanged on the gallows.

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There were thirty men in the home guard detachment. Henry Berry Lowrey and the rest of the bandits killed all but one, who left the state. All in protection of his own life or in carrying out of his oath of vengeance, for eight years Henry Berry Lowrey, the hero of the Indian tribe, roamed the forests among the Indian tribe. He was bent on a mission of death. His part in the bloody drama ended with his disappearance. The Robeson countryside was in a state of terror. Men were afraid to take the fields to hunt the bandits. Practically every crime in the area was laid at the feet of Henry Berry, though on occasions he was known to be miles away from the scene. To the hero's credit, never in his career was a white woman harmed or molested. Now we come to the scene of what became of the Indian bandits.

## THE END OF THE BANDITS

Henderson Oxendine was the only bandit to be hanged on the gallows. He died on April 15, 1871. He was a thick-set but trim Indian with straight black hair. He was hanged for being implicated in the murder of ex-sheriff King.

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The first of the bandits to meet violent death was the lone white member of the gang, Zack McLaughlin. Acting alone, he captured a man by the name of Henry Biggs and threatened to kill him. While the two were sitting around a campfire, McLaughlin went to sleep, and Biggs seized the opportunity to take his gun and shoot him in the head.

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Boss Strong, Henry Berry Lowrey's brother-in-law and first lieutenant, was killed by Donahue McQueen. The twenty-year-old youth was shot in the head as he lay beside the fireplace at the home of his brother, Andrew Strong, playing a mouth harp.

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Tom Lowrey was shot in the back from ambush while on his way to Union Chapel Church to a meeting.

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On December 25, 1872, Andrew Strong went to the store of John Humphrey at Pates, a station on the Central Railway in the heart of the Indian territory, where



a man by the name of William Wilson was a clerk, and informed him he had been talking about him. Andrew left the store on a Christmas frolic. On his return, Wilson killed him. He was in his twenty-fourth year.

It was in 1874, before the last member of the bandits were killed. The white people, at several different times had Steve Lowrey in the sight of their guns but were afraid to pull the trigger. Finally Steve, who openly moved about the countryside, was spotted at a whiskey wagon near Red Banks. Four nervous men were hidden where they could watch Steve Lowrey and every move he made. When he sat down with his back to a rail fence and began tuning his banjo, they shot him in the head.

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Reward money totaling \$5,000 in each instance was paid to the men who killed the Strong brothers and the two Lowreys, but an amount far greater was never claimed for the body of the greatest of them all, Henry Berry Lowrey.

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#### THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HENRY BERRY LOWREY

On the night of February 19, 1872, the bandits went to Lumberton and took a horse and dray from the stables of A. W. Fuller, and raided the store of Messrs. Pope & McLeod, abstracting therefrom an iron safe. Proceeding from there to the courthouse, they entered the sheriff's office, and took along his iron safe, proceed-

ing forthwith to leave Lumberton by way of the Turnpike Road, which later became known as the Carthage Road. Finding their load too heavy, they dropped the sheriff's safe on the streets of Lumberton and went on with the safe of Messrs. Pope & McLeod to a distance of about three miles on the Carthage Road and rifled it of the whole of its contents, getting in all about twenty-five thousand dollars.

On this night the leader of the bandits, Henry Berry Lowrey, disappeared and went to Mexico. He came back to Robeson County a few times before he died at a ripe old age.

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### JOHN DIAL

John Dial became state's evidence in the murder of ex-sheriff King, and stayed in jail for a number of years. Finally he was released, and lived to be an old man before he died.

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### THE CIVIL WAR

Just following the close of the Civil War, when the Lowrey Bandits became the supreme power in Robeson County, Adjutant-General Gorman, of the state, came down into Robeson County and appeared on the scene of action with a company of Federal soldiers. The General remained for two months without accomplishing anything. The white people of the county believed at the time, and believe to this day, that the General of

the state was in collusion with the bandits, as a lot of white people and negroes were. When the Federal soldiers returned to Raleigh, Robeson County was handed on a platter to the Lowrey Bandits.

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### THE DEVIL'S DEN

The bandits took a woman by the name of Mary Locklear, blindfolded her, and took her to Devil's Den in Back Swamp, that being the place where they had their secret camp. They took the blindfold off and she cooked a meal for them, and after that they put the blindfold back on, and led her away. In a week or two, the woman said the Devil's Den wasn't a bad looking place after all.

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### HENRY BERRY LOWREY ARRESTED AT WEDDING

The first arrest occurred minutes after Henry's marriage to young Rhoda Strong. She was considered the prettiest girl in the Indian territory.

Upon his promise that he would take no more part in thievery, Rhoda agreed to set their wedding date. The news slipped out, and no sooner had this ceremony been completed than Henry Berry Lowrey, who had left his followers back in the swamps, was surrounded by a grim posse and a circle of guns. He submitted quietly to arrest. Taken to the neighboring Columbus County jail at Whiteville, he was charged with the Barnes murder. An early date for trial was set. One of the first callers was his pretty wife. They talked for





Two eighteen-year-old gentlemen, Cecil Lowrey and Waltz Locklear, trying to decide who is going to hug the good old mule.



A Scene on the Town Creek Indian Mound in North Carolina



a few moments in their Indian tongue under the close supervision of jailers. Then Mrs. Lowrey left. That night Henry sawed his way through the bars of his cell windows and escaped, still handcuffed.

Two years later, Henry Berry Lowrey was back in custody. This time surrendering to officials in Lumberton after receiving a promise of amnesty. The pledge proved false and he was hustled to jail in Wilmington. Despite a heavy guard, he got hold of a pistol, provided by Mrs. Lowrey. She baked a cake and concealed a pistol in it and carried it to the Wilmington jail, which was a distance of about one hundred miles. Henry Berry walked out of the jail without a hand raised to stop him.

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#### EXCHANGE OF LETTERS

In July 1871, the wives of the Bandits were seized and lodged in the Lumberton jail, in the hope this would induce the bandits to sue for peace. When this was done, the leader of the Bandits forced McNair, a white man, to write for them the following letter to the Sheriff of Robeson County.

July 14, 1871

To the Sheriff of Robeson County—

Rod McMillan:

We make a request that our wives, who were arrested a few days ago and placed in Jail, be released to come home to their families by Monday morning and if not, the bloodiest times will be here that ever was before. The life of every man will be in jeopardy.

Signed,

HENRY B. LOWREY  
STEPHEN LOWREY  
ANDREW STRONG

They ordered McNair to hitch his horse to his buggy and proceed with it to Lumberton. Sheriff McMillan read it to himself and then aloud to the gathering crowd. It was greeted by a roar. The sheriff raised a hand. "It is up to you," he said. "It is your homes that will be burned and your blood spilled, and I cannot promise protection." The roar fell to a sullen murmur. A few men walked away, and others tried vainly to disguise their fear. McMillan watched them a moment. "Release the Indian women," he said to a deputy sadly, "and see that they travel unmolested back to their homes."

An Indian farmer boy barely twenty years old, had said, "What would be at stake in the entire county?" They could see again the chests of Allen Lowrey and his son over the sights of their rifle barrels, feel the warm sun of the fateful day, and hear their shots ring

out and see the punctured bodies twist and fall. By day and by night the crack of a twig or the thump of a horse in its stall, would set them quaking in a sweat of sudden fear, as though Henry Berry Lowrey stood behind them with a gun in his hands.

The Lumbee Indians voted until 1838, and then were deprived of the ballot until 1868, being nearly twenty years before the time when they were set apart by the state as separate people. The injustices done them by the laws of 1835 forced nearly all the older men and women into involuntary ignorance. The law of 1835 closed to these people every avenue of hope and said in effect that they must submit to being absorbed by the Negro race. Their white neighbors withdrew many privileges which had previously been granted them. It must be borne in mind that this intolerable condition existed for over fifty years.

It is found that the Lumbee Indians have, to a remarkable degree, that sense of direction which is peculiar to all the types of Indians and which is so acute as to be almost an instinct.

Justice is but too often spoken of as tardy, and surely the case of the Lumbee Indians of North Carolina is one which proves the accuracy of this general statement.

It required three hundred and sixty-nine years for them to come to their own again. The descendants of the "Colony of Roanoke" and of these Indians on the North Carolina coast were described by the historians of the 1587 expedition by the English to these shores as a very noble, well-favored and splendidly formed

people, as indeed is shown by the water color drawing made by John White. The artist of this noted expedition which landed at Roanoke Island, was sent out by that prince of exploiters, Sir Walter Raleigh. It is strange but true that the writer made the first printed suggestion that the Lumbee Indians of today are the descendants of Governor White's Colony.

The ancestors of the Lumbee Indians had their ancient trails they traveled. The great trails were the Lowrey Road, the Morganton Road, the Yadkin Road, the roads converging near the town of Fayetteville, which finally became a trading post for the Indians and Negro slaves. Between the north and south these roads led from the mountains to the coast.

By the Census of 1860, Robeson County was populated by 1,459 Indians.

Since 1885 they have been named by the State of North Carolina as "The Croatan Indians of Robeson County," "The Indians of Robeson County," "The Cherokee Indians of Robeson County." And last but not least, "The Lumbee Indians of North Carolina," by a National Recantation June 7, 1956, by Congress.

The Census of 1910 gave the number of Indians in Robeson County as 5,895. At the present time there are 35,000. On percentage basis about 75% of them are tenant farmers for the white man, about 10% own land and business establishments of their own, and about 15% are laborers. The Indian holds priority of two-to-one over the white or Negro by the white man as a tenant farmer. About 50% of the Indian tenant farm-





The Entrance to the Town Creek Indian Mound in North Carolina



Lumbee Indians cropping tobacco in Robeson County, the largest tobacco-producing county in North Carolina.

ers live in unsanitary homes and their living standards are poor.

The Lumbee Indians are not on reservation. They have never been any expense to the Federal government whatsoever. The Indians have tried to survive under the most trying conditions, and they have never had a fair chance at the things of life.

In Robeson County there are separate schools for the Indians, white and Negro. In 1940, the Robeson County all-white grand jury deplored employing white teachers in Indian schools, by reason they had found the white teachers had socialized freely with certain members of the Indian race.

Recommendations were sent by the jury to the County Board of Education and trustees of various Indian schools that hereafter they employ only Indian teachers to teach in said schools and thereby eliminate these white teachers from the Indian homes, schools and communities.

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#### THE KU KLUX KLAN

On January 13 and 18, 1958, the Ku Klux Klan decided to solve the Indian problem between dusk and dawn with the usual paraphernalia of mystic robes and fiery crosses.

The Lumbee Indian doesn't consider himself a problem and doesn't intimidate very easily. Certainly the history of the Indians in Robeson County and the rest of the United States would so indicate.

Historically, the American Indian has been a proud, pugnacious and courageous individual with a reputation of pushing back when pushed. The KKK had bitten off a bigger hunk than it could chew.

On a Monday night at St. Pauls and East Lumberton, the Klan described the Indians in Robeson County and elsewhere as leading the way to integration.

On a Saturday night, January 18, they were prepared to give the Indians a chilling exhibition of KKK strength. Suddenly the field was filled with Indians and there were war cries and a few shots that were heard and applauded around the world. These echoed and bounced back to America and into a lot of homes where they were unwelcome guests.

The Lumbees have made remarkable progress in the social and economic world particularly in the past fifty years. At the turn of the Twentieth Century the Indians, for the most part, were an uneducated group living in poverty and trying, with little help, to fight their way back from the brink of cultural and economic oblivion. The Lumbee Indians have been restrained from going to schools of higher education in the state because of racial animosity. On percentage basis about 28 percent finish high school, and eight percent college. They have been set back a century by not having the proper training in the schools and colleges. At so many points they have petitioned the Federal government for recognition and help to educate their children, but the Federal government flatly ignored their plea.





A Father and Three of His Four Sons



Two Teen-Age Lumbee Indian Girls



## DOWNTOWN USA

In America one can be walking the streets of the towns or cities, and on one's right and left one can see barber shops and cafes that have a danger sign upon which is printed: *White Only*. This is in a land they say freedom and democracy exists—The Land of the *Free* and the home of the *Brave*!

The knowledge of this western land is as old as the time of Plato and Solon, who mentioned an island in the west called Atlantis and a great continent which lay beyond it. The Persians established a colony in the West Indies a thousand years ago, which by obtaining from all admixture with the black aborigines. The aborigines differ but little from their progenitors in the parent country. The Welsh colonized the Carolina coast in the twelfth century. In 1660, Reverend Morgan Jones, while traveling in the Tuscarora Country, was captured by the Doegs, a branch of that tribe who spoke Welsh. He described them as settled upon Panteago River near Cape Hatteras. This statement seems to confirm the Welsh chronicle which describes Madac's colony. Long before the discovery of Columbus the Basques sent fishing vessels to the northern part of America. The Norse records describe voyages to the American coast, reciting facts and dates which are confirmed by Irish and Arabic chronicles, and also by the inscription on Womans Island on our northern coast bearing date of April 25, 1135.



## The Legend of the Indian Corn

**I**N THE LONG AGO, *before the approach of* of the white man, the Indian Corn was a strawberry roan. The Indian squaw went out one summer morning to pluck the corn, and to her surprise it was bursting with different colors of grains: red and white. She heard a voice cry out, "Let me alone!" So she went back to her wigwam. In a little while she and the chief went back to the field to get some blades off the corn stalks for a corn dance they were to have. They heard a faint groan seemingly going off in a direction towards the forest. Since they were to have some roasting ear corn for the corn dance, the chief began to pluck the corn. To his surprise, the blue grain had arrived. Thereafter the Indian Corn has had a mixed variety. So goes the legend of the Indian Corn.



Dr. Hawks History of North Carolina is the standard authority on the Indians of North Carolina.

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The chief said: "In concerning the Indian with a snake: leave it alone coiled up as it is, do not hurt it, and it will hurt no living creature; but disturb its rest and it will strike and bite."

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The author of this book is attempting to show that Raleigh's colony was carried off by the Hatteras Indians and that their descendants are living in Robeson County, North Carolina.

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To the charitable who are interested in the moral elevation of humanity, we heartily commend the Lumbee Indians.







